

## ZOMBACALYPSE

by NightOfAssassins

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Summary: Two siblings go out for a fun day with their parents. Only things didn't go according to plan. Here comes the gross boom. \*never making a zombie apacolypse story again.\* Could a girl be the answer to the problem?

## ZOMBACALYPSE

Racing down a highway, a teenage girl struggled to remain calm. In the back, her younger brother wailed. From the loss and panicked terror previously experienced moments before when they witnessed their father rip out their mother's jugular.

Kennedy needed to be strong for her brother. "Donnie, it's gonna be ok...I promise!," she said in a whisper, ignoring the tears that fell down her cheeks. The ten year old sobbed louder in response.

Gritting her teeth, she slammed her foot down on the gas. Her eyes stinging from the crimson, iron smelling liquid that clung and dripped down from the window of the passenger's side.

"Kenni! Look out!," her brother screeched, the sound of crunching metal and shattering glass filling the air as a car slammed powerfully into their side.

The car spun, the two screaming as it collided again. The heavy metal box tipping into a ditch and tumbling down.

After a moment of silence, Kennedy was vaguely aware of the taste of blood in her mouth. Groaning, she unbuckled. Painfully falling to the roof of the car. "D-donnieâ€|," she crawled back, the boy shaking and bleeding from a head wound and shattered arm. "When need to go, nowâ€|," she said carefully, unbuckling the boy and stopping his fall earlier.

The small boy sobbed at the burning pain.

Grunting, Kennedy kicked open a bent door with maximum effort. Painfully crawling out with her younger brother in tow. "Come on Donnieâ€¦.Can you walk?," she asked, a sob coming in response.

Ignoring the pain in her side, she stood, "Ok..Ok. Shh...Shh it's ok," she carefully picked him up and grunted slightly from the added weight. Limping, she made her way to the woods. "It's okâ€¦.I got you honey...Kenni's got you," she murmured, feeling his breath flutter and become uneven.

After a few moments, Kennedy felt him go slack. The boy unresponsive. "Just hang on little broâ€¦.there's a station somewhere near-," she yelped from stepping on a rock wrong.

Panting, she ignored it further, her brother needing help.

She continued her way on through the woods.

A few hours later, Kennedy sighed at the sight of a warm fire she built within the station of wildlife. The place abandoned in panic and quickness. There was plenty left over.

Curiously, she looked over at her younger brother. He still unresponsive as his breaths were coming out slower.

Tears burned in her eyes, scooting over to him and laying down. Her arm reaching over and hugging the boy. "I'm hereâ€¦.don't worryâ€¦," she whispered, knowing there was nothing she could do to help. Exhaustion from the day's events had her closing her dried eyes.

The teen sniffing softly as she let sleep take over.

She awoke with a start. Kennedy blinked as she tried to figure out what woke her up. Looking at her brother, she knew why.

He wasn't breathing.

Panicking, she shook him a bit, "Donnie?!", "she wheezed out, feeling for a pulse. At that moment, his eyes opened. A sigh leaving her, "Don't scare me like that dork-" she screamed when a blur of movement occurred and his teeth had sunk into her hurt arm. "Donnie!," she yelled, her breath catching in her throat as she saw the dead expression in his eyes.

He was long gone.

With a rip, a chunk of flesh was torn away. Kennedy screaming as blood oozed steadily out, a main artery broken.

Blood leaving fast, she screamed when he moved again. Shoving her down and sinking his teeth into the soft of her stomach.

From the outside, only screams could be heard. And no one went to answer the call.

Weeks later, a group of survivors found the station. Hoping for supplies as they went to investigate. Yet as they entered, they stopped at the sight of a small boy, still on the ground with his

skull caved in. And in the corner was a starved teen, her eyes wild and mad as she held her bitten arm near her wounded stomach.

"Oh my godâ€¦," a man said, the girl flinching, "P-pleaseâ€¦," the wound was old. The leader seemed to grow more horrified at the realization, "She's bitâ€¦.and immune."

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file.